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We of the Advance, try to provide a means of communication between the Inmates of Joyceville Institution and the Administration, as well as the General Public. Our aim is to provide an outlet for expression of ideas and concepts and attempt to inspire and encourage creativity from our readers.

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EDITORIAL.

The prison industry has got to be one of the biggest paradoxes in the entire history of Western Society. The psychologists, sociologists, criminologists, people working in the prison industry, and just about everyone else with walking around sense is well aware of this paradox and its adverse effect on prisoners and society. Just about all serious minded professionals agree that prolonged imprisonment increases the possibility of recidivism rather than decreasing it, that the very nature of prison life destroys human character rather than building it, that the lack of fundamental human relations necessary for a normal healthy individual creates hostilities in a person rather than doing anything towards preventing same. They realize that prisons are a world in which hate, bitterness and frustration reign paramount twenty-four hours a day, year after year without a cease. That the prisoner is constantly fighting a losing battle against the triple evils of madness, suicide and homicide. They also know that regardless of how strong the person is, he can't withstand this type of environment for long without losing to one of these evils.

And the significance of these facts is that the longer a person stays in prison the more prone he is apt to be towards violence. Yet Ottawa has seen fit to go against all logic and reason, by coming up with a plan to lengthen the amount of time a person will have to stay in prison by about double. Since Governments are not known for brightness, most people have shrugged it off as just another stupid move they have made to get out from under pressure from hardliners. But looking at it closely, there is a method to be seen in all this madness. What seems to be stupidity looks a lot more like shrewd expediency on the part of the powerful politicians and powerful organizations.

From the political angle, like all good politicians when they're hard put for answers to serious problems.

(Mainly economics) they start looking for something to divert people's attention from the problems at hand. And this is certainly not hard to do with the help of the media and a few good hard-hitting speeches. This type of political ploy is a matter of history. Germany was in the grip of a depression, people were angry, hungry and out of work. Hitler came along and gave them an enemy. The German people on the whole are certainly no more evil than any other nation of the world, but yet almost all the country rallied behind him. In the 1950's America was in a recession, people were out of work and angry. To shield themselves from the voters rage the politicians gave them an enemy.... Communism. It was an era when everyone looking for a Red under every bed. It was a time when the Rosenbergs were sent to the electric chair, and Nixon literally built his political career on prosecuting Hess.

With hindsight we can see the fallacy of this witch hunt, but only after the Rosenbergs were put to death and Hess spent many years of his life rotting in a prison cell, not to mention the thousands of other people whose lives were destroyed in this holocaust. But it served its purpose then, it was a good political expediency, and it diverted people's attention from the economic problems. So it makes good political sense to use the CRIME ploy as a diversion for the economic problems of this country.

Another aspect, and perhaps the most powerful one, is the employment factor of the prison industry. There are something like ten thousand guards employed in the Federal Prison System. Couple this with the Administration Employees, the psychologists, sociologists, classification departments, the people departments, ect, and you get an idea of the vast amount of people who draw their paycheck as a direct result of people in prison. With all these people, and their families and friends, you have a very large voting block. And every person who draws his paycheck from prison industry stands to gain more

by seeing the prison population increase then he does by seeing it decrease. The irony of this lies in the fact that these same people also decide who gets out and who stays in. They control the prison population this way.

The reason they gain by an increase in prison population is the same way that any employee gains by productivity of the industry he works for. Job security and promotion. If the industry grows, his job is secure, and if he's got his eyes on the corporate ladder, it's easier scaled if the industry is growing. This is the main reason no rehabilitation programs have ever worked and never will work inside prisons. It's not because the prisoners themselves don't want them too, it's because the half-hearted attempts at rehabilitation have been in the hands of staff/administration and they control the programs and set the atmosphere in which they are to be carried out. It's easy to see why they have all failed, for no job security minded person would ever do anything to decrease the productivity of his industry. If rehabilitation programs were set up and worked efficiently, and people started getting out of prison and stayed out, the prison population would decrease. And nobody working in the prison industry wants to see that. Because people on the bottom rung would start losing jobs, and those climbing the corporate ladder would become static and there would be no more power domains to strive for.

But as it is, the future looks good for the prison industry. She will grow by leaps and bounds. Prisons will fill and overflow. New prisons will spring up everywhere, new officials will be created, and all kinds of little power domains will branch out from the existing ones. I can see now, some mediocre employees sitting in an 8x10 office with its scarred up oak desk, rubbing his hands together and having visions of greatness, of that time when he'll have the plush office, the secretaries, the mahogany desk. Ah, what a dream!

But there's a lot wrong with this prosperous outlook for industry. From a social and economic standpoint, prisons are a non-productive industry and society should be concerned with their growth. Without this concern, the productive citizens can expect to pay and pay in an increase in violence that the longer imprisonment will produce, and in the tremendous taxes to feed these parasitic nodules on the breast of society.....

The flower which is single,
need not envy the thorns
that are numerous.

by/nick padula

Life is one of the cheapest commodities, but yet, our government spends billions and billions of dollars on projects, on Human Behavior and useless people, who never will be an asset or contribute any form of value to Society, and yet, refuse to invest in a Rehabilitation Program designed to better the Prison System.

I believe that time has come for society to put their heads together and elect some brain power in Canadian Government. I'll probably be criticized for this article, but, it won't be the first time.

I'm a prisoner serving four years, but for the last year I've sat back reading and listening to the news and I just can't sit any longer, I've got to release my anxieties, emotions, and frustrations, before I go to the "Funny Farm".

Now you might ask, Just why is a man serving time so interested in the way the government runs its bussiness? What effect doe's it have with the men in Prison? Well, it doe's effect everyone serving time. If the government spent money on useful projects instead of wasting money on foolish things, it would be better for all and Society would benifit.

Lately, A member of parliment, (I don't know his name,) proposed building (22) more prisons, because of overcrowding conditions. This involves Millions and Millions of taxpayers dollars. Why not build (11) Rehabilitation Centers? Re-educate the inmate, evaluate and teach him a trade, and give him a little encouragment to ajust to societies ways, help him to ajust into society upon his release, then this money will be well spent. Sure, I agree there are a few inmates who no matter what program you present will never ajust or amount to anything in society; but, they are very few, a small percent, but should the rest suffer because of them?

There are a lot of people in prison who don't belong here. I'm not saying they are innocent, but, most could be released into society as useful citizens, because their crimes are not of violence or crimes of passion. You would be surprised of the people serving time for Fraud, B&E, conspiracy, Parole Violation, (minor violations) these are not of the violent nature, these people can be helped without confinement for years in prison, but the Courts don't see this, all they think about is Punishment, because society keeps complaining of crime and why repeaters continue to clog the Courts time and time again and society cries "Punishment". I've never heard society cry, "Let's teach or help him."

If a person has to go to prison for any length of time, then society must do something for him and treat him as a human. If he has no trade, teach him one. In a Rehabilitation Center, allow him to work to support himself and his family, even pay income tax, social insurance, give him the same benifits he would recieve on the outside; and then when he is released, he will have enough money and a trade he doesn't have to turn to crime again. Then society can say--"Crime doe's pay, It pays Society."

Jails and Prisons are one of the biggest industries in the country. There has to be prisons or the economy would fall. I don't know the statistics of Canada, but the United States is one of the biggest. There are approximately (135,000) men and women in prison or on parole or probation, or some kind of supervision under the Federal Government, (This doe's not include State Prisons or Jails. In order to supervise these (135,000) it takes (8) eight people on the Federal Payroll for each person, (750,000,000) seven hundred and fifty million dollars, for just the Federal System. Here in Canada, it costs #17,000 to keep a person in prison for a year. It costs less than \$2,000 to keep a person on probation or parole for a year. A savings of \$15,000 a year per man if a program were available instead of Confinement. Yet, the taxpayers, Society, has to carry the burden because members of Parliament can not present a program to benifit both, the inmates and Society.

In the past year, Canadians have seen a big waste of money our government spends. "The Olympics." It cost \$1.2 Billion Dollars. If each dollar

was laid end to end. it would reach around this world 6 times. How much of this money really went into this project? How much went under the table to grease someones pockets? No one will ever know. Now they are investigating overpayments to workers, some workers were drawing hundreds of dollars a day while not working, their buddies were punching their time-cards for them. This will involve millions of dollars. In time, within the next three years, the taxpayers will be assessed the full cost of the Olympics, (I'll bet my life on it.)

Can you amagin if this money, \$ 1.2 Billion Dollars were spent on something worthwhile, like Medical Research, Education, or even Rehabilitation Centers, what a big breakthrough we would have accomplished. And the Hundreds of thousands of dollars the government is spending on Bi-lingualism Laws. If the French speaking people of Quebec want their own language, let them alone. Don't push it down the throats of the rest of the Country. If Quebec wants to sever relations with the rest of Canada, then it would be wise to build a fence around Quebec and let them live in their own mixed up world, Don't punish the rest of Canada by spending the taxpayers money.

Just the other day, I clipped an article out of the paper and every now and then I read it and it just burns where I sit on just how our government punishes some of the Canadian people. In the Toronto Star, July, 20, Page A-8, the Article, " DEATH OF A DERELICT: LONELY LADY; OR JUST A DRUNK? "

Now here is a Sixty-three year old lady--evicted from a rest home in a wheel-chair, no place to go--Handi-capped--(A broken Leg,) spent about a week living in " Allen Park" (a Toronto Park), destitute, lonely, with 16 cents in her pocket, to be left alone in this Civilized Society, only to die because of neglect. She was called a Drunk by the people who run the Rest Home, called a Dear Old Lady by her Doctor and friends, but yet she spent this time in a wheel-chair, short-sleeve dress, in cold rain-lonely surroundings in a park while the owners of the Rest Home were in warm surroundings, probably thinking of the next government grant to operate their rest home while poor old 63 year old Grace Bates died. The Police or Government won't investigate Clayton Wilkenson, the Operator of the Rest Home on Rose Ave because Life is cheap. What could Grace Bates contribute to society? She was a cripple, a Derelict, a Drunk, But they forgot one thing. GRACE BATES WAS A HUMAN, that's more than I can say for the people who have let this happen.

For years the Medical Experts, the governments, have spent endless hours and millions of dollars of taxpayers money. Yet one Moon Landing, One Mars landing costs Billions of Dollars. Just what good does finding life on Moon or Mars have to do with people here on earth? Spend the money on finding out about life here on earth where it will do some good, here is where we live not Moon or Mars. Thousands of these projects are useless, to name a few.... Thousands of Dollars have been spent on the study of " Why do Glow-worms Glo? or Why do Bull-frogs mate only at night?, Yet, not one penny on Why do men Commit Crimes? Just punish them. Just the other day a \$300,000 grant was given to 4 Univ ersity Students of Alberta, to go to Mexico to study the "Bat-Caves", and find out why the Bats hang upside-down and leave their dirt and Dung on the floor of the cave. I believe this money would well be spent if these 4 students were paid to go to Mexico to bring back a truck-load of this Bat Dung to rub on the heads of the Officials who approved this grant, maybe it will penetrate their thick skulls and loosen some good ideas from their brains.

Someday, society must come to realize that Prisons do not rehabilitate people. Some prisons make criminals. The re is little to expect from a man who comes from prison after so many years behind bars to make good in society, because all his hopes and dreams of a good clean life have been shattered by the long stay in prison and he becomes bitter towards society. Society must re-educate the offender if society expects to survive. Most offenders could be given a sentence of restitution of money, or property and a great deal of expence would be saved and the offender would be punished by being tried publicly and by having to repay what damage he caused. Someday, all men will have served their time and will be released. These Barbaric Animals as society call us, will again roam society. Without programs to help them ajust and become law-abiding citizens--then I can only close with four words-----GOD HELP YOUR SOCIETY.....

Sports

by/ Padula.

I have taken on the job of the Sports Dept news and to give you a run down on some of the things that are going on in the recreation dept. I have had an interview with Mr Bally and the following is the programs that are available to the inmate population. These programs are designed for inmates and if you want to join any of them, please see those in charge.

(1) NATIONAL COACHING DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM
LEVEL 1 THEORY.

(Early Nov. See
Gym Advertisement
for further details)

(This program is scheduled for 1 evening a week for a total of 8 weeks. CREDITS WILL BE GIVEN.

Instructor: Dennis Bally, Karl McLaughlin.

(2) POWERLIFTING.

(LATE NOV. EARLY DEC)

Rules same as before.

Prizes to be announced.

Contact: Mr Dennis Bally.

(3) HOCKEY PROGRAM.

(DEC--JANUARY
Weather Permitting)

Intra-League Games.

Referee Clinic (Basics)

Possible (Hockey Skills Clinic)

ALL RECREATION STAFF.

(4) BASKETBALL LEAGUE.

(Dec to March.
Dates to be Announced)

See Mr D. Bally.

(5) FLOOR HOCKEY

(MEN. TUES. WED. THUR.)

See Mr Carmichael.

(6) DARTS.

(Tuesday)

See Mr McLaughlin.

(7) BRIDGE.

(Thursdays)

All Staff.

(8) PHYSICAL FITNESS TESTING.

(Date to be Announced.)

Cont. Next Page.

Sports Cont.

Recreation Staff will test certain inmates in several fitness areas on fitness machine, interpret the data obtained and suggest programs for improvements. The subject will be given a program and allowed to perform for 3 months and then will be re-tested(if he wishes) to show improvements. More details will follow.

There is also an Olympic Jogging Club. If you want to lose a little of that inner-tube around your waistline, then this is the program I highly recommend. This program is on the Honor System.

This takes care of the programs that are being processed so if is up to you so all you have to do is see one of the staff and you are on your way. I hope to see all of you at the Gym cause I need something to write about.

See You on the Floor!!!

TEAM	GAMES PLAYED	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS	GOAL FOR	GOAL AGNST
Black Hawks	6	5	1	0	10	59	33
Trinity Flyers	6	4	2	0	8	49	52
Cyclones	6	0	6	0	0	31	54

TEN TOP PLAYERS

NAME	TEAM	G.P.	GOALS	ASST	PTS	PIM
Sauve	Flyers	6	22	13	35	4
O'Connor	Hawks	6	27	7	34	15
Cadeddu	Cyclones	6	14	6	20	13
Whits	Hawks	6	12	7	19	86
Charbonneau	Hawks	6	4	10	14	26
Howard	Flyers	5	8	4	12	4
Vincent	Cyclones	6	4	6	10	4
Pineault	Flyers	3	8	2	10	7
Toulouse	Hawks	6	5	3	8	10
Irwin	Cyclones	6	5	2	7	7

GOALIES STANDINGS

NAME	TEAM	GOAL AGNST	SHOT FOR	SHOT AGNST	PIM	AVG.
Nichols	Hawks	3	28	23	0	.130
W.Bell	Hawks	22	205	157	2	.140
Anderson	Flyers	9	51	58	0	.155
Frank	Flyers	36	162	208	0	.173
Caruso	Hawks	8	44	38	0	.211
Brooks	Cyclones	51	235	228	0	.224
Sakai	Cyclones	10	26	36	0	.278

SCOREKEEPER FOR ALL GAMES. JACK HAGAN.

Last minute news, The Sports Commissioner, Joe Dubroy is no longer the commissioner. He has been elected on the Inmate Committee...Good-Luck to you Joe from all of us.



ALL STAR HOCKEY

The Hockey fans here at Joyceville got a good look at some of the better hockey players this past Mon, Nov, 8, between the First All Star and the Second All Star Teams. These two teams really gave the fans something to rave about. Each team showed very good sportsmanship through-out the game and kept the game moving at a fast pace.

Charbonneau, for the First All Star Team was the big stick of this game. He had three(3) goals and one (1) assist. Most of the fans are talking of the re-match game to be held on Nov. 25, between these two teams. This game should be a real scrapper. These two teams meet two more times and should provide some good hockey for the men here. The final score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Second All Stars.

The main Stars (In order)

- (1) CHARBONNEAU.
- (2) POWER.
- (3) SAUVE.

LINE-UP FOR TEAMS

1ST TEAM

2ND TEAM

MANAGER DUFFY

MANAGER BEECHENER

OFFICIALS:

CHIEF. REF: NEWTON

REF: ATTACK

COMM: J.DUBROY

ASST. COMM: SKIP

HEWSTON

GOAL JUDGES:

MIRON

P.O'CONNORS

Paul Franks (Goal)

W.Bell (Goal)

S.O'Connor (Capt)

Howard

Cadeddu

White

Charbonneau

Talouse

Izzard

Carruthers

Nichols

Gagnon

McCarthy (Coach)

Billy Brooks (Goal)

Billy Anderson (Goal)

Pineault

Power

Jack Sauve (Capt)

Vincent

Coleman

Irwin

Carefoot

Rehove

Phillips

Batz

Ramsey (Coach)

The Prizes for the three all Star players was made by the Officials. They received a case of coke. There was also a door prize and the three winners were given a Box of Greeting Cards. The winners were: BEAMISH....W.DAVIS....AND KEYS...

Before closing off, I would like to mention that the prizes that were given away at this game were donated by the Sports Commissioner, Joe Dubroy. This writer would like to commend you Joe, not only for your good job of sports Commissioner, but, for your thoughtful-ness and concern for the other inmates here at Joyceville.

Joe Dubroy has also offered to buy a Hockey Cup for the season. This Cup will remain here at Joyceville and be known as The Joe Dubroy Cup. Many, Many thanks Joe, and fellows, when you see Joe around the halls, Please say Hi' and thank him for his interest in Sports and the Inmates.

(Take Care Fellows, See you next Month.)



"What do you mean you'll have a hard time controlling your sexual desires...? I'll only be here two days for a traffic violation...!!"

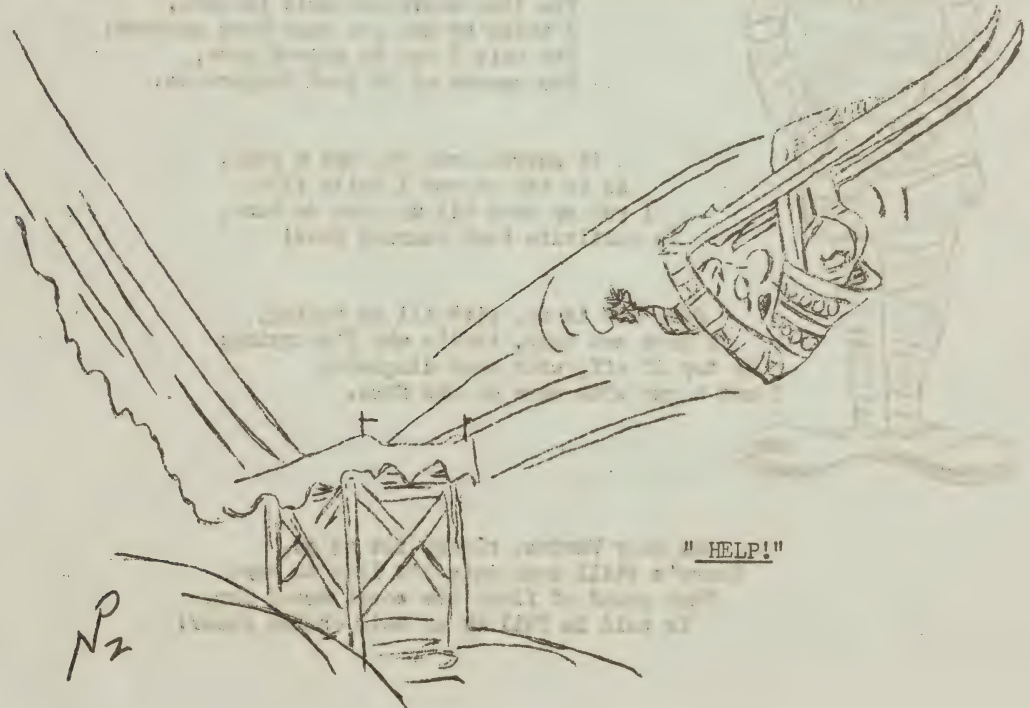
HOW

21

"Don't laugh, my wife thinks I'm in

South America with two million bucks."





" HELP! "

W O E I S M E

I sit and look out through the bars,
I see the sky, I see the stars;
I stop and think what might have been,
But I got caught, right at the scene.



I went to court to hear my fate,
Now I'm a con, I just don't rate;
They put the cuffs on my skinny arm,
And wheeled me off to the funny farm!

They whisked me off to the Kingston Pen,
Gave me some clothes, a bed and then;
They cut my hair, forgot to stop,
They cut a hole right through the top.

The line above was said in jest,
I think by now you must have guessed;
The hair I had is almost gone,
The memory of it just lingers on.

It worries me? No, not a whit,
As to the mirror I daily flit;
I rub my head til my ears do buzz,
To cultivate that yearned fuzz!

But, woe is me, with all my trying,
It does not help, that's why I'm crying;
To top it off, with much disgrace,
I met a guy with more on his face.

So, now dear Warden, please let me go,
There's still some oats I'd like to sow;
That pound of flesh the court asked for,
Is paid in full by my hair on the floor!



"Why don't you go in and have a few? I'll look a lot better when you come out."

THE SPIDER

BY/ Nicholas Padula

BILL, A LIFER, was hard but human.. As the years crept by, the walls grew higher and higher until he was quite alone in the world. The lonelier he got the more intense became his need to love and be loved. He fell in love with a spider.

It came about in this way. One evening the spider was spinning a web in a corner of Bill's cell. He happened to notice it as he was reading a novel. He stopped reading. The creature intrigued him. He couldn't take his eyes off it. "He's like me," he said to himself. "He ain't got a soul in the world who cares a damn for him!"

Bill got busy right away and made a box with a finescreen cover. He got the spider and dropped it into the box. He watched its frantic attempts to scale the sides of its prison and smiled. "Just like a con beginning a long bit. He'll settle down in a few days. Now I gotta make sure he don't starve to death on me."

The following morning Bill acted like a fugitive from a nut-house as he stalked flies in the shop. Other cons looked at one another and shook their heads. They thought he had had a breakdown. Bill ignored them. Bill was too intent on trapping the flies alive. Every time he made a catch he smiled broadly.

"What are you gonna do with the flies, Bill? a con named Joe asked.

Bill didn't like Joe and his eyes hardened. "Maybe I'm gonna eat them. What the hell do you care, anyway?"

"I don't give a damn what you do," snarled Joe. "And don't you get tough about it either."

"One of these days I'm gonna take you by the throat and you're gonna be a sorry guy. So lay off me."

Joe saw Bill's jaw tighten and his eyes flatten in their sockets.... He pivoted on one heel and walked away.

When Bill got to his cell he immediately rolled back the screen on the box and dropped a fly onto the web the spider had spun that day.

The filament quivered as the fly struggled to free itself. All at once the spider poked its head out of its nest, tensed and then rushed on its prey. The fly repelled the attack. With the speed of lightening the spider dashed around the fly and strangled it and dragged it into the nest. Bill spent an hour feeding the monster flies, marvelling at its cunning and its voracious appetite.

Joe celled next door. He heard Bill talking and laughing as he fed the spider. He told everyone he met about Bill and the spider. As the days went by, the cons took to calling Bill "Spider," at first hesitantly and then boldly when they saw him smile as though they were complimenting him. He was beyond caring what anyone said or thought of him.....

One evening as Bill fed the spider--- now a swollen monster which seemed to understand his monologue---Joe bellowed like an enraged bull: "Dummy up, you goofy jerk! Why don't you end it all and jump off the range!"

Bill rushed to the gate and shook it. "If I go I'll sure as hell take you with me."

Joe's answer was drowned out by the screams of a hundred voices commanding them to shut up. A tomb-like silence enwrapped the cellblock.

With murder in their eyes, Bill and Joe glared at each other in the shop, but neither said anything. After the tension eased off a little, Bill went about stalking flies for the spider's dinner. Joe went from con to con telling them he had taken all that he could take. A showdown was in the air. Everyone felt it and waited.....

Joe pulled on his hat and coat and went to the hospital without a word to anyone. He talked to a friend, who went away and came back with a flytox gun. Joe snatched the gun out of his hands and ran back to the cellblock and up to Bill's cell on the fourth tier. With a laugh in his throat he emptied the gun into the spider box.

When Bill looked in at noon he stood by the gate for a moment. The cellblock was deathly quiet...too quiet. A horrible suspicion crystallized in his brain. He ran to the box. His eyes bulged. The spider lay amid a shambles in a pool of flytox. Bill sobbed like a kid, wildly and without restraint.....

Then he stood at the gate, clutching
the bars like a huge ape and staring
out the window.

When the gates swung open, Bill
lunged out the cell and crushed Joes
struggling body against him in a mighty
hug and leaped off the range. On the
way down Joe screamed. They hit the
concrete floor with a dull thud and
sprawled out in a pool of blood like
two grotesque spiders.....

The Winds Of Revolution

by/ted gormez

The winds of revolution
The workers, politics, students,
prisoners, and the soldiers.
The massive movement across the land,
The sifting sands, the clouds of dust.

The winds of revolution
The peoples whispering sounds,
Lendening to the needs of the struggle.
The oppressed,

The winds of revolution
I see your storm forming a head,
Winds blowing at a gale.
As our peoples pace quickens.

The winds of revolution
We feel your chill, we know your direction.
We are moving as fast as our underfed,
Bodies will sanction.

Winds of revolution
For you we give our fullest and,
For you we will place our lance
In the heart of the oppressor.

The winds of revolution
Do not bite into my ultimate fate,
Nor, rip at my sun baked body.
My cause is for a socialist constitution.
Push me faster with love,
It's much easier that way, then with hate.

The Winds of revolution
After you subside, sprinkle our people
With socialism and, then a touch of mavism
Unite us with all the workers of the world.

The winds of revolution
After your fury comes to pass,
Leave us but a gentle breeze,
To soothe the wounds of the much needed storm,
Of the winds of revolution.....

"DEPARTURE"

BY/ ARTHUR FAYLE

Today you saw me leaving
As I walked into my cell
I didn't want to go dear
But to each his private hell

The bars will surround me
As I await my release
Each and every waking moment
Cause for me there is no peace

How they can do this to a person
I'll never understand
To cage him like an animal
How can he remain a man

Soon I'll make it home
To that place I left behind
I hope with my humanity
And something of my mind

Now someday we'll be together
In a better place I know
We'll fade into the sunshine
Like freshly melted snow.....

JUSTICE

She was destined to be,
The Queen of the Free,
The defender of right,
against wrong.

When she came into town,
she set the rules down,
But they seemed not last,
very long.

For they're men i've been told,
mainly the old,
Whom decided that this couldn't be
They hated the thought, that this women brought,
the ability to make all men free.

She said she had come,
to rid the town of it's scum,
"Hypocrits" was the name they went by,
But she needed assistance, cause of too
much resistance.
Each time that she gave it a try.

So the old folks they went,
in a deserate attempt,
To rid this old town of their joke
They gathered together, in all kinds
of weather,
You see, their whole world was at stake.

They finally agreed, that all they would need,
Was to change their name; then they'd make it,
As for living up to their name,
if the time ever came,
They were sure without doubt, they could fake it.

Then everyone heard, the name of the word
That would take the place of hyporcy,
It sounded the same, oh but,
What's in a name?
So they went ahead and called it "Democracy"

On the day she left town, they gathered around,
And asked, what's your name and your game?
She raised her head with a frown, looked over the town,
And out of her mouth these words came.

"Justice , is my name, the same as my game,
But it seems, here is no place for me,
So I'll just go on, alone in search of a home
Where the people are not blind,
But can see.....

"HALF WAY HOUSES"

By Luc Sauve

The Half Way House idea already employed by progressive prison authorities, or so called progressive to ease the convicts way back into normal life is the idea of "Gradual Release" according to Criminologist Daniel Glaser. This he feels is the distinctive feature of the Correctional Institutions of the future.

Instead of taking a man out of the under-Stimulating, tightly regimental life of the prison and pilling him violently and without preparation into open society, he is moved first to an intermediate institution which permits him to work in the community by day, while continuing to return to the institution at night. Gradually, restrictions are lifted until he is fully adjusted to the outside world.

Similarly it has been suggested that the problems of rural populations suddenly shifted to urban centers might be sharply reduced if something like this Half-Way House principle were employed to ease their entry into the new way of life. What cities need, according to this theory, are reception facilities where newcomers live for a long time under conditions half-way between Rural Society they are leaving behind and the urban Society they are seeking to penetrate. If instead of treating City Bound Migrants with contempt and leaving them to find their own way, they were first acclimatized, they would adapt far more successfully.

A similar idea is filtering through the specialists who concern themselves with "Squatter Housing" in major Cities in the technologically underdeveloped world. Outside Khartoum in the Sudan, thousands of former Nomads have created a Concentric Ring of settlements. Those furthest from the City live in tents, much like the ones they occupied before migration. The next closer group lives in mud-walled huts with tent roofs. Those still closer to the City occupy huts with mud walls and tin roofs.

When Police set out to tear down the tents, urban planner Constantino Doxiadis recommended that they not only not destroy them, but that certain Municipal services be provided to their inhabitants. Instead of seeing these Concentric Rings in wholly negative terms, he suggested, they might be viewed as a tremendous teaching machine through which individuals and families move, becoming urbanized step by step.

The application of this principal, however, need not be limited to the poor, the insane or the criminal...The basic idea of providing the change in controlled, graduated stages, rather than abrupt transitions, is crucial to any Society that wishes to cope with rapid social or technological upheaval. The veteran, for example, could be released from service more gradually. The Student from a rural community could spend a few weeks at a College in a medium size City before entering the large urban University. The long-term hospital patient might be encouraged to go home on a trial basis, once or twice, before being discharged.

We are already experimenting with these strategies, but others are possible. Retirement for example, should not be abrupt, all or nothing, ego crushing change that it now is for most men. There is no reason why it cannot be gradualized. Military induction, which typically separates a young man from his family in a sudden and almost violent fashion, could be done by stages. Legal separation, which is supposed to serve as a kind of half-way house on the way to divorce, could be made less legally complicated and psychologically costly, trial marriage could be encouraged. In short, wherever a change of status is contemplated, the possibility of gradualizing it should be considered.....

" CONSPIRACY BY WHOM! "

By/Chuck Armstrong.

" WHO'S DANGEROUS! "

By/ Nicholas Padula

UNCLASSIFIED

MOON PRISON, MARE UMBRUM REGION by Bill Hutton

Robot 654 clicked. The signal was clear. The prison shuttle was docking. The robot activated relay sequence 56-43279 and Reception Programming tapes began to issue instructions from the Master Computer.

FRONT...SMALL SHUTTLE VAN...DIEMENSLAND COLLECT POINT...RECEPTION CHANNEL
IRIS OPEN...DOCKING STAGE ACTIVATION...RED...RED...

The prison shuttle coasted into the lighted docking area. The huge iris wings closed. The seal was complete. Green. The air pumps worked silently to restore earth atmosphere pressure to the entry lock.

THREE GREEN...FOUR RED...TWO YELLOW...HUMANS RECEIVED...NAMES REGISTERED...
ASSIGNMENT GENERAL WORK AREA B-14...ACCOMMODATIONS MEDIUM...ALL SYSTEMS CHECK...

Routine reception. No discharge until next Wednesday. Time for supper.
WORK AREAS CLOSING...

Tom went down to Level 14 after supper to see the newswreps of the excavations on Mars by the team from John Hopkins. Harold was there, smoking his gooseneck pipe, laughing like hell.

"What's up?" he asked as he eased himself into the cozy sort of upholstery after picking up a nice tall cool one from the serving bar.

Harold waved at the 10 foot screen where pictures were now being panned over the scene of the excavations in Sector 13. "Them dizzy bastards say they found monkey bones and dog bones and stuff in those pits! Where do they think they are, on earth or something?"

"You mean they don't know their business?"

"Oh, they're all doctors and whatnot, I suppose they do. But what a let down! I thought we'd at least find something different."

"Sure they didn't say it was bones like monkees and dogs, rather than that they were?"

"Sure I'm sure!" He went over and got a vodka. Orange juice from the dispenser squirted a richness into it which made it seem like a cylindrical sun he was carrying.

The screen suddenly stopped on a square of very hard stone, which the announcer explained the survey crew had not yet been able to move.

"Jesus!" Harold said, spilling his drink on the carpet, "Maybe it won't just be monkeys and dogs after all!"

Tomm studied the carpet where the liquor was being automatically soaked up and neutralized by the chemicals of the carpet, to be taken away in the wastes system. "Well, that still wouldn't explain the dogs and monkeys would it?"

They both watched intently while the live coverage showed a huge crane being brought into position.

"What a beaut of a power lift!" Harold remarked, "I ran one just like it once! You could lift 50 tons just as easy as apple pie!"

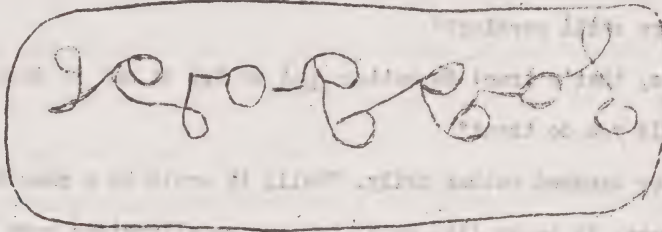
The claws on either side of what seemed to be a granitic plug in the sands were straining and slipping on the shiny looking rock. Tomm doubted they would be able to budge it. But a peculiar thing happened. At least it seemed strange since he was expecting to see the rock either be lifted up into the air or no motion at all. The rock suddenly began to sink into the sands, much like an elevator. All pandemonium broke loose in the newscasters' booth. They could hear their excited voices, and it was with some difficulty that one of the announcers came on, trying to sound as calm as usual, as if nothing much out of the way had happened. Both Harold and Tomm felt the tension of the moment. Science was amazed for a change, rather than being the one amazing others.

The black surface of the stone sank out of sight in the earth-sand and when the cameras got to the edge of the pit and looked in there was no sign of the flat surface at all. The eye of the camera disclosed a set of glistening

white stairs going down into what seemed eternal darkness. Actually, when they got the lights going, it was only a depth of perhaps a hundred feet.

The reporters and camera men scurried down the stairs after the scientists. At the bottom of the stairs there was a fair-sized chamber with nothing on any side of the cylinder except of the East side. There the camera showed a dazzling sight which made Harold catch his breath. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said, "No monkies or dogs ever made the like of that!"

The door was a solid sheet of beaten gold. One of the scientists was running his fingers over the raised figures embossed on its



Range after range of the curious looking circles and lines covered the middle part of the door. Above them there was what looked like a huge eagle with wide-spread wings, a serpent in its mouth, perched on a thorn bush.

Harold puffed on his pipe in deep concentration for a minute. "You know," he said, "That eagle and serpent thing reminds me of the Aztecs."

Tomm looked at him in surprise. "First it's monkies and dogs, and now it's Aztecs! This is on Mars, man, not on earth!"

Harold was serious. "Hey listen, Tomm. Those Aztecs had to come from someplace! Nobody knows where they come from at all, or where they went for that matter! Why couldn't they be Martians?"

Tomm looked at him to see if he was kidding.

"Boy, are you far out!" he said, "I need another drink!"

"Fill mine up too!" said Harold and went back to studying the frieze. His voice came to Tomm across the common room, "And I tell you something else

too. As far as I'm concerned, those round things are notes like they had on those mediaeval palimpsests for church choirs to sing from!"

Tomm was going to say something, and nearly dropped the highballs when the announcer began saying almost exactly the same thing.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the scientist beside me here is Dr. Carpenter of Caltech. It is your opinion that these may be musical notations doctor?"

Well yes," drawled the professor, a short squat man also smoking a pipe, "The problem seems to be activation of this door, since we cannot find any locks or handles to open it. We surmise that we will either have to use light or sound waves in some manner to activate the mechanisms!"

"If they're still working?"

"Well, yes, that's true! No matter what we try it may be inoperable!"

"What would you do then?"

The doctor laughed rather drily, "Well, it would be a sham to spoil this fine art of work. It looks like gold, but our metallurgists have examined it and had great difficulty even taking a small sample of it. It's certainly much harder than steel. We're not sure that we could get past this portal even with explosives. Let's hope we can solve the enigma!"

"I agree doctor! Ah, here come the light now!"

Harold and Tomm watched intently as a team of technicians set up strobe equipment. One of the technicians had a pencil-like device in his hand which was capable of receiving beams at various wave lengths from the strobe generating apparatus, much like the nozzle of a garden hose, spraying the light beam widely or narrowly by adjusting the rate of flow. He began to work through a series of wave length as he directed the probe towards one of the circles. After some minutes of this, there was a sudden flash of light from the circle and a tone began to sound. The circle stayed lighted. The tone was a strange timbre. He tried the same wave length on other circles with no result until he tried

other circles at the same level on what definitely seemed to be a musical staff. These circles lit up too and the original sound was amplified each time.

"Success seems just around the corner!" the announcer babbled.

The technician tried other wavelengths until he got another circle activated and this was a different tone.

"God! What a racket!" said Harold. "It sounds like someone with two fingers glued to the keys of an organ!"

All of the circles were activated and the musical sound was extremely discordant. Nothing happened.

The scientists were baffled. They went into a huddle while the announcers tried to mask the disappointment with prattle. "Well, it seems that the musical result is an unknown chord on the organ, ladies and gentlemen!" The laugh was a bit hollow. "The problem, according to Dr. Harrison, is to get the sequence of tones working one after the other!"

The terrible din of the dischord suddenly ceased. The lights stayed on. The silence was rather ghastly. The scientists and reporters alike turned towards the door. Something else was required. Then it was noticed that the serpent in the claws of the eagle had begun to glow a dull ruby red. No one could seem to think of a response. One of the technicians grabbed a probe though and began to shine green light on the ruby red serpent. The complementary color. The notes on the door suddenly began to sing a strange haunting melody, one after the other sounding as the door began to sink inwards in the cylinder wall. It was almost like funeral music played on a big pipe organ. Very sad and haunting. After sinking inwards perhaps two feet the door began to sink into the floor. The sight greeting scientists, reporters and TV watchers alike astounded them all.

Harold leaned forward in excitement. "God damn!" he said, "That's impossible!"

A vast chamber, high, walls glowing with a bluish iridescence stretched before them into the distance. A distance so great the end of the chamber could not be seen.

"That's unbelievable!" Harry said, eating an egg salad sandwich with one hand and balancing his drink with the other. "It's like a world under a world!"

"Yeah," Tomm said laconically, "A world of the dead!"

This remark was prompted by the camera panning of the nearest green oblongs that looked like coffins, but had windows in their tops. The announcer called them "time capsules."

"Boy, now that's reaching!" said Harry, "Time capsules! How in hell could they be time capsules? What does he mean by that?"

The camera panned the contents of the "time capsules": it was somewhat of a shock to both men to see rather normal looking people inside. The flesh had the pinkish glow of life. The arms were by the sides. The faces looked peaceful. Each person was dressed in identical looking green uniforms.

"Martian greenery!" scoffed Tomm.

"Yeah," Harry observed drily, "Miles of it!"

The news announcer came on again, as the TV dollies were walked down the wide corridor between the endless rows of "time capsules":

"The chamber seems to be dust free, ladies and gentlemen. One thing that puzzles the scientists is that there are no visible controls or connections to these capsules to sustain life. Perhaps we are speaking rashly, but we seem to be seeing a sort of suspended life process. All the capsules looked into so far are occupied, and all the bodies in them seem to be as if the person just went to sleep. One peculiar thing though, all of the bodies seen so far are adults. No children have been found!"

The TV coverage suddenly switched to an advertisement and Harry noticed that the common room was full of other guys, all with a look of stupefaction on their faces.

"Can you beat that?" someone murmured, "They always taught us in school that Mars was completely devoid of life, that there had never been any there at all!"

The klaxton sounded. It was the end of another day at Moon Prison, Mare Umbrium Region.

ALL MEN IN CUBICLES FOR SLEEP PERIOD...TIME...12 MIDNIGHT...SERVO-HEATERS PREPARING LATE SNACK IN KITCHENS...GOOD NIGHT ALL BUNNIES!...

It was the standard joke on the tapes some technician had added for his own amusement. Tomm still smiled to hear it. As he settled down to read The New York Times before sleeping, he thought of the events of the day and felt excited about what developments there would be in the Mars story tomorrow.

(To be continued)

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD

OPERATION SPRINGBOARD is a bus service working out of the Toronto area. They previously used to visit Joyceville every wednesday afternoon and every second Saturday afternoon. At the present theyare only visiting every second Wednesday and every second Saturday. The reason for this is lack of participation. Should more families want to use this service they will be able to come every week again. This will come about only if more participation arises. Some of the information you will need should you want your family or friends to use this service is as follows:

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- * The Toronto office: An information center for families and liason between The families and the Federal Institutions.

Any further information you may need can be obtained from Dan O'Donoghue and from Ron VanBree 3-D. They are the Springboards Representatives for the Institution.

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